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A Joyful Christmas to All Our Readers

PULLING THE RUG

by ROBERT HUXTABLE

Peter Simple, the *Daily Telegraph's* commonsense columnist, recently posed the question why the state of Israel can amount punitive raids on neighbouring countries which harbour its enemies with no more than token admonition from "world opinion", whereas if the British Government were similarly to raid IRA bases in Eire the whole world would ring with furious condemnation, with the USA in the forefront. Naturally, an astute commentator like Peter Simple knows the answer only too well. In "the land of the free the home of the brave", Jewish-Zionist and Irish-Republican pressure groups are so powerful that no administration dare offend them, particularly as far as the former is concerned. So much for what passes as democracy!

South Africa's Vilification

The same attitude applies to South Africa, which has been singled out for approbrium in an unprecedented campaign. There are no votes to be lost in attacking that unhappy country. Yet in Black Africa and elsewhere, far more offensive attitudes and practices prevail. Where is the clamour for sanctions and armed intervention against those regimes? When the Russians invaded Afghanistan; when those homicidal maniacs, Amin and Obote, brought rape and rapine to Uganda; when the mother of the present Indian leader had four million people compulsorily sterilised, the voices of protest were tiny, sporadic and expatriate. Gallons of ink and hours of television time have been squandered on the famine in Ethiopia, but precious little has been written and said about the culpability of that unfortunate nation's Marxist rulers in bringing the disaster upon themselves. A recent item in the *Reading Chronicle* is illuminating: a firm of electrical engineers in the town has won a multi-million pound contract to convert Ethiopia's monochrome T.V. system to colour. Let the people eat chips — silicon, of course!

If anything comparable to India or Ethiopia had happened in South Africa, the present campaign of vilification, severe as it is, would have gone into a terrifying crescendo. The double standard is nauseating, but no less so than it has been in the past. Ngo Dinh Diem was said to be repressive as ruler of South Vietnam, so the rug was pulled from under him. His assassination, condoned if not instigated by President Kennedy, was received with ill-concealed gloating, and in Catholic seminaries, too. What was the eventual consequence in South Vietnam? Anti-

Communist forces were undermined and a decade ago that unhappy country fell under a murderous Communist dictatorship. Samozia was labelled a repressive despot in Nicaragua and the West's support withdrawn. Result? Another Marxist government. Ian Smith aroused the enmity of the Foreign Office for his efforts to maintain civilised standards in Rhodesia, so Lord Carrington and Lord Soames pulled the rug from under him. What we have now is a Communist dictator installed in power in "Zimbabwe", busily grabbing the spoils of office for himself while his henchmen mercilessly imprison, torture and butcher all who stand in their way. The silence of such as Mgr. Donal Lamont, former Bishop of Umtali and a vociferous opponent of Ian Smith, has been deafening! The final example that springs to mind is the Shah of Iran. He was judged to be "reactionary" by Jimmy Carter, the American "peanut-king", so was denied the arms with which he could have maintained internal stability. His overthrow has put the Ayatollah Khomeini at the head of a fanatical Islamic state, which even this year's Labour Party conference was prompted to denounce as one of the most brutal in the world.

South Africa is receiving precisely the same treatment at the moment. Its Government may well be regarded as "oppressive" by liberal opinion: what is conveniently ignored is the unique situation in the country caused by the diversity of races there. "One man, one vote" is just as great a recipe for disaster as it has been anywhere in the world, let alone in Africa. The only organisation that stands to gain from this is the African National Congress, which is sponsored by Moscow and also armed and supplied from behind the Iron Curtain. The A.N.C. would institute yet another Marxist dictatorship in which the worst sufferers would be the Blacks themselves.

Furthermore, South Africa controls the South Atlantic, and the prospect of a Russian fleet based in Simonstown is too terrifying strategically to contemplate. No country in the West could feel secure. Perhaps then there would be a cry of alarm. But I fear it would be too late.

Read **SPEARHEAD**

Edited by John Tyndall

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SOME SAY AID THE A.I.D.S. VICTIMS, BUT OTHERS SAY SODOM

by DON BELL

That professional actor, Ronald Reagan, now acting as President of the United States, made his first prime-time television appearance since undergoing cancer surgery, and talked and answered what may have been pre-arranged questions for a little more than half an hour on Tuesday, September 17th. He quipped that he would not give Gorbachev a "friendship ring" when they meet in secret summit; he called for free trade for all; defended his past and present economic policies; said he wouldn't bargain with Gorbachev regarding "Star Wars" development; defended his sanctions against South Africa; and answered (or at least pretended to answer) some questions regarding the AIDS epidemic which now involves innocent children as well as homosexuals.

The President said his administration is spending money to combat AIDS (a shortened name for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome), which was first called GRID (Gay Related Immune Deficiency) but later changed to sound less sinful and criminal. He said that "with our budgetary constraints and all it seems to me that \$126 million . . . has got to be something of a vital contribution" [*President Reagan is not noted for his employment of syntax in T.V. interviews — Editor*]. But he didn't explain that the money was being spent to aid victims, not to halt the epidemic. When asked what may have been a pre-arranged question: "If you had younger children, would you send them to a school with a child who had AIDS?" the President said he was glad he doesn't have to face that problem personally and he could understand both sides of the problem, and then added: "It is true that some medical sources have said that this cannot be communicated in any way other than the ones we already know and which would not involve a child being in school. And yet medicine has not come forth unequivocally and said, this we know for a fact that it is safe. And until they do, I think we just have to do the best we can with this problem. I can understand both sides of it."

But this is no answer: he is just begging the question. AIDS is a disease that is beginning to assume epidemic proportions. 450,000 to 670,000 persons will come down with the terminal disease of AIDS in the next four years. So say those who should know. And all that is being done about it is

to seek ways to cure what is admittedly an incurable disease! They seek to cure when they should be seeking to kill its spread. Dr. Paul Cameron of the Institute for the Scientific Investigation of Sexuality states: "Health officials are calling for the elimination of smoking but are reluctant to condemn homosexual acts. Moreover, toleration of the 'gay lifestyle' is being advanced in our public schools, on television and in the movies. There are public laws in nearly every state to guard the public health against the ravages of tuberculosis. The unhealthful spread of disease from prostitution is placed under legal control by barring public solicitation and classifying it as a crime in most states. And yet, the disease called AIDS mounts to epidemic proportions as homosexuality is promoted by the media and in our public schools with 'tolerance' policies." Little or no restrictions are placed on employment of homosexuals or AIDS carriers. AIDS victims are permitted to go to school with other children. It seems that once a person acquires AIDS that person also acquires a special set of civil rights. Instead of being quarantined, the victims are protected by the law as they intermingle with people in a community.

AIDS Is Unclean

We might recall that history records a somewhat similar situation when the disease to be feared was leprosy. We are now told that leprosy is not infectious, but in Biblical times it was feared even as AIDS is feared today. But the victim was not allowed to mingle with others: he was ordered to stay "within the camp", was required to let the hair of his head go loose, to cover his upper lip, rend and tear his clothes, wear a sign and when within the hearing distance of anyone cry "Unclean, unclean." Contact with any other person was strictly forbidden. And there were no exceptions. Miriam, sister of Moses, who had watched over the ark that contained her infant brother, committed an act of insubordination, was made a leper, and was cast "without the camp" until she was healed in answer to the prayers of Moses. The difference: lepers were often healed. But with AIDS there is no healing; not yet, anyway.

In later years and throughout history there have been plagues: bubonic plague, scarlet fever, measles, tuberculosis, typhus. In every case, until the plague

was brought under control, the victims were quarantined. As a child, I recall being isolated and kept out of school because of mumps. Richard Restak, a Washington neurologist, says: "Only sentimentalists refuse to make any distinction between the victims of a scourge and those not presently afflicted. Scientists are unsure why the AIDS virus targets the white blood cells that are the only indispensable element of the body's immune system. But the threat of AIDS demands from us all a discrimination based on our instinct for survival against a peril that, if not somehow controlled, can destroy society . . . In the presence of considerable ignorance about the causes and effects of the syndrome, the benefit of the doubt should not be given the victim of AIDS."

"This is not a civil rights issue, this is a *medical* issue," said Dr. Restak, adding: "To take a position that the AIDS virus must be eradicated is not to make judgements on moral or life styles. It is to say that *the AIDS virus has no civil rights.*" However, while the medical profession is still unable to say unequivocally, in President Reagan's words, "We know for a fact that it is safe," the Los Angeles City Council unanimously approved an ordinance making it illegal to discriminate against AIDS patients in regard to jobs, housing and health care. An AIDS patient may, for example, work as a dental hygienist. He may clean your teeth even if he has an unsuspected cut in one of his fingers, this despite the fact that the AIDS virus can be transmitted from bloodstream to bloodstream. The supposedly authoritative Centre for Disease Control spokesmen say children with AIDS can go to public schools, but still admit that if there is a fight and blood is spilled, there is danger; that there is danger if an AIDS victim throws up, has diarrhoea, or can't control his body secretions.

This is a disease that is only partially understood, is presently untreatable, and is invariably fatal. To such a problem, history knows but one answer: quarantine and isolation of the victims. We spoke of leprosy as a similar syndrome. Due to great migrations during the Crusades, leprosy assumed epidemic proportions in the thirteenth century. To save society, leper colonies were established and such colonies and leprosariums still exist. There is such a National Leprosarium in Camille, Louisiana. We hear unconfirmed rumours of concentration areas set up by the federal government, just in case. Since there is only one solution to the problem of a disease that can become epidemic, for the general welfare and the common good . . .

Don Bell edits a fortnightly newsletter, "Don Bell Reports". For a sample copy, please send one pound to Post Office Box 2223, Palm Beach, Florida 33480, U.S.A.

WANTED: A DEODRANT !

Proudly proclaiming itself "a part of our cultural heritage", the homosexual arts enterprise called "Gay Sweatshop" has been celebrating its tenth anniversary with a faggots' festival in London. The festival programme, sent to us by an amused reader, details the spectrum of "talent" offered up by these pretty-boy thespians and subsidised, of course, by the inevitable G.L.C. grant.

Angle of Vision, for instance, is a play about "the sexually ambiguous friendship" between Walker (a Black Vietnam veteran), Boy (his young White lover) and Chrissie (their female neighbour), while *A Quiet End* presents the lives of four gay men who are beginning to "face up to the physical and emotional ravages of AIDS." Two days were occupied with "writing work-shops" for "lesbians and gay men with disabilities" (surely homosexuality *is* their disability?) concerning whom the Festival organisers tantalised us with the promise of "an explicit input".

For lovers of pansy poetry, the Gay Sweatshop programme contains a "canto" which describes a magazine photograph of John Simon (a New York drama critic who despises faggots) being used to squash cockroaches!

*Some of its guts are attached to Simon's nose,
With the aura of awful sexual mystery,
Suggesting a change for better or worse,
But they too drop off and leave us
With the same expression and intent.*

Now that is *real* poetry, isn't it? Of course, a high standard it what we would expect in this case, the Gay Sweatshop being specifically devoted to the arts, including the *performing* ones. We felt sure *Candour* readers would be as struck by it as we are!

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD

GLEANINGS FROM THE CANDOUR PRESS DESK

THE PURLOINED LAND

Police are investigating allegations of cheating of Arab landowners on the West Bank to illegally deprive them of their land.

Questioning has centred on land brokers accused of forging signatures and documents and of pressure and threats against the Arab landowners.

Mr. Yossi Sarid, Citizens Rights Movement member of parliament, Mr. David Zucker, movement secretary, made the allegations in a letter to Mr. Yitzhak Zamir, Attorney-General.

Referring to the policy of setting up Jewish settlements on the West Bank as a means of justifying Israel's historic claim over the territory, Mr. Sarid said:

"Patriotism has become in this case the basis for villainy. All this high-flown talk of redeeming the land, Zionism and pioneering serves as a cover for corruption and cheating."

A senior police source said: "Serious irregularities have been revealed during the investigation of the land-grabbing on the West Bank of the Jordan. Not only landowners but also buyers of land have been cheated. Indictments will soon be filed."

Daily Telegraph, August 23rd.

DR. LITTLE AT LARGE

A 63-year-old Oxford doctor of philosophy and medical researcher failed to convince magistrates yesterday that seat belts are dangerous.

Dr. Kitty Little was fined £20 at Aldershot for her second offence of not wearing a seat belt — but left the court in her Mini still un-belted and vowing to continue her fight against the legislation.

"I have no intention of wearing a seat belt and risking making myself a cripple," said Dr. Little, of Marlborough Road, Oxford. "I believe the guidelines for doctors to make exemptions are technically nonsensical."

She had been stopped on the M3 near Hook, Hants, on April 20th.

A member of the organisation C.I.P.S. (Choice in Personal Safety), Dr. Little told the court that the law makes no provision for seat belts causing physical

harm in non-accident situations, and offered to demonstrate to the court with scientific evidence that the compulsory wearing of belts would make it inevitable that death or injury would result for a substantial number of people.

"Sometimes seat belts have been known to be a direct cause of death," she added. "Evidence of clear warnings were deliberately ignored by Transport Ministers in Parliament debates."

Daily Telegraph, August 23rd.

MULTI-RACIAL HARMONY

Black youths calling themselves the Panthers, after the assassinated American Black Power leader, Malcolm X, have so intimidated pensioners using a mixed club in Brent that its lunch and bingo clubs have been cancelled.

The youths say that as 80 per cent of people on the surrounding Stonebridge council estate are black, they should mainly be entitled to the club's facilities.

They want a new management committee to "reflect the racial composition of the community."

The black youths, originally known as the Insight Group, had been given permission by the council to use the club building, in the Stonebridge shopping centre when it was not being used by others.

A council report said: "In the absence of a member of staff due to illness they were able to extend use of the premises with little regard for other users.

"The present position means that the other groups are unable to operate in their previous harmonious environment and feel threatened by the behaviour of certain leaders of the Panther group."

Mr. Edwin Ghys the club treasurer who took 20 elderly women to the club one evening said: "We were jostled by several black youths who abused us with bad language. They started shouting and chanting turning up their reggae music to the highest pitch, forcing us to leave. The ladies were very distressed."

Mrs. Madge Ghys, 66, his wife, told of one black youth who threatened to "smash my face in".

Daily Telegraph, September 6th.

ENLIGHTENED NUNS

Divided Ireland certainly is, and is subject, too, to all the vagaries and paradoxes of a society in the flux and flow of change. It is easy to misread the signs. Again, much of the British media has seen Joanne Hayes, the young woman of the centre of the Kerry babies scandal as a victim of backward country ways, of sexual ignorance and repression.

But as the various biographies of her now emerging show, Miss Hayes was a product not of educational backwardness but of post-Vatican II liberality. Joanne, who has one living illegitimate child by a man she was enamoured of, and who gave birth to a second who was subsequently strangled, was educated by nuns who were very keen on enlightenment and sex education. She had the confidence to have a prolonged affair with a married man where a "simple backward country girl" would have been too repressed to do so.

Catholic Herald, October 11th.

MUGGERS RUN OUT

Denis Compton, one of the greatest English batsmen of all time, was taking a cricket bat, signed by the England and Australian Test teams, to a club near High Wycombe the other day when he lost his bearings and asked directions at a garage.

When he returned to his car he was faced by *four black muggers* who demanded money. "Sorry," he apologised 'I haven't any on me but I have something for you in the car.'

In his own words: "they fell for it." He then got out the bat and said "I may not be able to take you all but I will certainly take the first one of you because I must tell you that I know how to use this." The muggers fled.

Maybe they were aware that between 1939 and 1953 Compton, now 67, played nine test matches against the West Indies scoring a total of 552.

Daily Telegraph, October 12th.

INCREDIBLE DOUBLE STANDARD

Justice is a game of dice.

Your scribe was reminded of this the other day when the abortionist, Henry Morgentaler, was committed for trial again. But that's not what I'm complaining about. What I'm complaining about is how gently he's been treated compared with the treatment handed out to Ernst Zundel.

As we all know, Morgentaler made no secret of his big private enterprise abortion business, in which he had done about 18,000 abortions. He pleaded not guilty, however, while admitting that he had defied

the law. It was done out of "necessity," he said. The law was a bad one. So to hell with it.

A jury from which anyone who was even remotely likely to be "pro-life" was excluded, found him not guilty. Roy McMurtry, then the attorney general for Ontario, pondered what to do and never made his mind up. But it took him no time at all to tell Morgentaler he could continue winking the unborn out of wombs until further notice. "Carry on, doctor."

What other self-confessed law-breaker has been told he could go on breaking the law pending an appeal or a new trial? By that measure, bank robbers should be holding parties.

Enter Ernst Zundel, an identifiable villain pursued vigorously by what writer and scholar David Lilienthal, himself a Jew, calls Organized Jewry.

Zundel had never killed anyone, born or unborn. Neither had he broken any law of which ordinary mortals had ever heard. He had distributed a booklet that disputed that 6,000,000 Jews were murdered by Hitler, so was hauled before the beak for "knowingly spreading false news."

Found guilty by a jury that seemed to be a bit foggy about the Anglo-Saxon tradition of free speech, he drew 15 months.

Morgentaler was told he could carry on. Zundel, on the other hand, came out of court with clamps on his mouth, the nice kind judge having told him he could not even mention the Holocaust. Neither could he distribute any written material on the subject. Not if he wants to eat at home.

As soon as the verdict was down, the howl went up from Jewish pressure groups that Zundel should be deported. Unfortunately, it is not possible to commit the deed while the case is under appeal. But the immigration persons have said they are getting the skids ready.

Again we discern a contrast. No one demanded that law-breaker Morgentaler, also an immigrant, be deported. (He couldn't be anyway, being a naturalized citizen — a status that was denied to Zundel with no reasons being given.) On the contrary, the good doctor is loudly applauded in the media. **North Shore News** (Canada), October 13th.

SUICIDE OF A RACE

Widespread legalised abortion is contributing to 'demographic suicide' in Europe, Pope John Paul told a group of visiting bishops last week. At the current rate the population of Europe would dwindle to a mere 5 per cent of the world's population by the next century, the Pope said.

Catholic Herald, October 25th.

TRADING IN HORROR

A sickening trade connected with abortions has been uncovered it was claimed last night.

Two British firms are alleged to be involved in the business.

It is likely that the foetuses removed in abortion operations are bought by unscrupulous laboratories to develop cosmetics including rejuvenation products to stop ageing.

The companies said to be involved will be named on TV tonight by the BBC 1 programme Tomorrow's World.

It is alleged that they have offered for sale foetus liver, spleen and pancreas as well as whole foetus. One firm even listed human pituitary glands at £102 per kilo — plus VAT.

Tomorrow's World assistant producer Malcolm Brinkworth said he has documentary evidence, including letters, which shows that two British companies were willing to enter into commercial transactions over the sale of human foetuses and foetus material.

The programme does not say where the foetuses are originally obtained, whether in Britain or abroad, or why they are bought. 'It is my guess that they are required by unscrupulous cosmetics manufacturers for research into cellular therapy,' said Mr. Brinkworth.

The sale of aborted foetuses has already been causing concern in the European Parliament and the trade is thought to be widespread on the Continent.

Daily Mail, October 31st.

MARRIAGE MIS-GUIDANCE

The mistress for whom controversial Bernie Grant left his wife and children has been appointed to the National Marriage Guidance Council.

Mr. Grant, Britain's first black local authority leader, set up home with Sharon Lawrence, a fellow Labour councillor, after leaving his wife Yvonne.

Her appointment to the marriage guidance post has been made by the ruling Labour group of the council he leads, Haringey in North London. Now a political row has broken out in the borough over it.

The Tories are demanding to know what qualifications Miss Lawrence has for the post. 'The best disqualification for the job would seem to be that she has broken up a marriage,' commented Tory councillor Bob Mason.

Councillor Grant outraged public opinion recently when he said police had got a good hiding in the Tottenham riots and refused to condemn the violence.

Daily Mail, October 31st.

PLAIN SPEAKING

Brian Behan, Brendan's brother, rings to express his delight at yesterday's front-page story in *The Times* on the expulsion from the Workers' Revolutionary Party of Gerry Healy, its former leader, for alleged "gross sexual abuse" — a charge Healy's supporters deny. Behan, a former chairman of WRP's forerunner, the Socialist Labour League, was himself expelled by Healy in 1960 for, he says, daring to suggest that the WRP nationalize its printing press. But he defends Healy against the charge of sexual abuse. "He's as ugly as sin. I am sure he's totally innocent of any such charge."

The Times, November 1st.

HAMMER AND SICKLE

It would seem that Gordon Reece, former PR aide to the Leaderene, has had a hand in getting the Prince of Wales involved once more in trying to clean up the reputation of Dr. Armand Hammer.

It was Reece who advised Hammer to give generously to the favourite good causes of the Prince of Wales, like the Mary Rose Fund and Trans-Globe Expedition.

And on 12th November the Prince and Princess are to attend a Grand Gala in his honour at Palm Beach.

Multi-millionaire Hammer was once barred from entering the UK following the discovery that his business, Allied American Corporation, was being used as a cover to transfer Moscow gold to Communist groups over here.

Over in the States, there is a long way to go before he is rehabilitated. Hence the Grand Gala in his honour, which he is himself organising with Mary Sanford. Officially, the arrangements are being made by the board of directors of the United World College of the American West, and the invitations have gone out in its name. There is, however, no such board. The college has a chairman and chief executive, and both offices are filled by Dr. Hammer.

Private Eye, November 1st.

CHOICE — for race and nation. Edited by The Dowager Lady Birdwood. Issue 15 now available. Send 2 x 13p. stamps to Choice, 32A Anselm Road, London SW6.

"THE FAULT DEAR BRUTUS . . ."

by NOEL HUNT

Today's fashionable dogma holds that all men are equally capable of doing anything at all. This dogma does the black man a great disservice. Equally, it does a great deal of harm to the West. Since it is almost blasphemous to say, or even hint, that races may differ, the result is that vital but uncomfortable truths are swept under the carpet. The habit of telling fairy stories about racial abilities and differences would not matter, were it not for the liberal habit of acting as if these comforting egalitarian fictions were the truth. Politically this is folly. Financially it is horribly expensive. All efforts to help Africa — to better the state of its peoples, to bring peace and prosperity — are doomed to fail until we decide to admit the truth and to act upon it. Part of this truth is that in general the indigenous inhabitant of that continent cannot take thought for the morrow, cannot plan for the future, finds it difficult to draw up sensible plans to cope with disasters and, left to himself, cannot administer the plans of others.

Some examples from the many available may be instructive. Under white rule Kenya, Zambia and Tanzania were peaceful, well-governed and largely self-sufficient in food. What is more, they were loyal to the Crown and in two world wars produced troops who fought for Britain. Does anyone think that they would do so today, Commonwealth members or not? Since they became "independent" not one of these countries has managed to pay her way or to feed herself. Every year since becoming "free" each of the three, together with many others, has cost the British taxpayer vast amounts of money. In 1984 Kenya received 38 million from Britain, Zambia received £32 million and Tanzania £30 million. Similar sums have been paid every year since "independence". Nor is the end in sight. Britain is constantly badgered to provide more money. Nor are the requests particularly polite: they savour more of demands, and angry ones at that. It is difficult to see what Britain gains in return for these enormous subventions. Certainly she commands little respect from her former colonies.

They boast loudly of being "non-aligned", yet feel perfectly free to take Britain's money while opposing her tooth and nail in the United Nations. Owing enormous amounts of money, they yet claim to be "independent": a contradiction in terms if ever there was one. It is a complete inversion of the normal rule that the debtor is dependent on the creditor. Paying no pipers, these loud-mouthed mendicants yet feel free to call tunes. What is more, Britain allows them to get away with it. It doesn't make sense.

Kenya's Decline

It cannot even be claimed that these enormous payments are doing much to help the recipients forward into the twentieth century. Taking Kenya as an example, in colonial times the country's white farmers occupied only about 4,700 square miles of a total area of 200,000 square miles. These farmers, without foreign aid but with determination, initiative and hard work created from virgin bush farms worth in all about £120 million. This small area fed the whole of Kenya. It also provided four-fifths of her exports. The European farmers paid sixty per cent of Kenya's taxes; most of the rest came from white and Asian businesses. Virtually nothing, either food or money, came from the black sector. When Kenya was handed over, the white farmers were replaced by black subsistence farmers growing just enough for their own needs. This is, of course, the immemorial tribal pattern of African agriculture. Every year since then, Kenya has shaken her begging bowl under the nose of the British taxpayer. He has dutifully filled it every year. Last year, as noted above, the bowl was filled to the tune of £38 million. Yet Kenya is described as "a developing country". She is not developing: she is scrounging.

In what was Rhodesia, the average African peasant farmer managed to raise about two bags of maize to the acre. The European farmer, from the same type of ground, raised about nineteen bags to the acre, one of the highest yields in the world. Again, why the tremendous difference in production? Perhaps a furious Agricultural Officer hit the nail on the head when he exclaimed: "These people are too damned idle to scratch hot coals off their backsides"! Rhodesia had about 800,000 black peasant farmers. They paid less than two per cent of the income tax collected from farmers. A mere 71,000 white farmers paid 98 per cent of the income tax and expected to work at least a ten-hour day on almost every day of the year. Careful studies in the tribal areas showed that the average black peasant worked about 185 hours, or about 23 days, a year at agriculture. These languid scratchings gave him what he regarded as an adequate living. He could not claim that he had no access to capital if he wished to expand, since there were no less than eight agencies from which he could obtain agricultural loans. Yet we are told that all men are inter-changeable.

Apologists for the poor performance of black Africa point to droughts as a reason. Yet Africa has had droughts before. She has had floods, too, as well

as locusts, army worm, rinderpest, anthrax and many other disasters. None of these natural disasters rivalled the widespread and enduring misery we see today. It took "freedom" to do that. The reason is clear and plain: it is the people themselves. In colonial times efficient forward planning and administration by settlers ensured that when disaster struck it was coped with efficiently. Roads were properly maintained, railways functioned reliably, surplus food was set aside for lean years. When famine relief became necessary, the distribution of food was organised and controlled in an incorruptible and even-handed manner.

We are told that in Zambia there is at least one derailment a day on the State-operated railway system. They are caused by drunkenness. Our authority for this is Zambia's lachrymatic President, his attention momentarily diverted from denouncing the horrors of *apartheid* in South Africa. As the colony of Northern Rhodesia, Zambia was self-sufficient in food. Shortly after "independence" she was starving. Appeals for help brought her generous gifts of maize from the Southern Rhodesians. The Zambians turned the gifts of seed maize into beer. In the same way, Zimbabwe inherited from Rhodesia five years grain supply stored in silos. It took the new Marxist government just twelve months to dissipate this store. The same sort of sorry tale can be repeated for each ex-colony, while the West has paid the bill.

The blunt truth is that the new rulers are corrupt, disinterested and inefficient: they are notably deficient in the capacity for abstract thought, in the ability to plan and in administrative ability. They are quite incapable of handling the copious aid provided by the West. By providing "aid" without strings attached to these incompetent and ramshackle new states, the West is simply pouring its substance down a bottomless hole. It impoverishes itself without solving Africa's problems. However unfashionable it may be to say so, the only remedy for Africa's ills is a return to European administrative control from the top down to district level. Nothing less will be effective. If the West is too squeamish to insist that its administrators be put in charge of aid and given all the power they need, then we should cease to supply aid. We do no kindness to the African by bolstering him up, by shielding him from the consequences of his fecklessness, and by perpetuating the rule of the corrupt and inefficient mobsters who have seized power over him in so many African states. It is the only logical way to act and it is the kindest thing we can do. It is also in the best interests of Africa. A steady flow of aid from the West, inefficiently and corruptly administered as most of it

is on the ground, yet makes it less necessary for the African to help himself in his own interests. Whatever store of initiative and energy with which his Creator endowed him is sapped by ceaseless Western aid. In a well-intentioned attempt to help, we succeed only in making him *more* dependent.

Abraham Lincoln was right long ago when he said: "You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong; you cannot build character by taking away man's initiative; you cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should have done for themselves."

REFORM AND REVOLUTION

"For at least two years [Mr. Botha] has been showing that he wants South Africa to move gradually towards a more multi-racial political system. This would include South African citizenship for black people, the relaxing of pass laws, more autonomy and more resources for black townships, and the involvement of elected blacks in the national constitution. The promise does not include, as yet, an end to the group-areas legislation or to the discriminatory national franchise: but the peaceful ending of apartheid was never going to come overnight. Everything in the Botha package should give pleasure to anti-apartheid campaigners, even if they then go on to say that change will have to go much further."

— **The Economist**, October 26th, 1985.

"The idyllic picture of social, political and economic harmony resulting from a policy of reform and liberalisation is totally illusory. Not only is such a society impossible of attainment but is in itself an impossible ideal . . . The tensions generated by group friction in multi-national, multi-racial or complex societies of any kind are such as to make conflict of one sort or another inevitable. In south Africa, media, diplomats, and many politicians maintain that granting increasing concessions will avert revolution. Using historical parallels where reform has been applied, the conclusion which stares one in the face is the *exact opposite* — reform *exacerbates* a revolutionary situation . . . People's aspirations are shot sky-high, making them more dissatisfied and creating a bigger gap between reality and expectations. If the pace of reform is speeded up, the revolution will come all the sooner."

— **South Africa After Vorster** by Professor Arnheim of the Department of Classics at the University of the Witwatersrand.

EZRA POUND: POET AND PROPAGANDIST

by ANTHONY COONEY

Ezra Pound was born on 30th October, 1885, in Hailey, Idaho, which was something of a frontier town in those days. In 1888 the family moved to Philadelphia, his father having secured a post there in the U.S. Mint. At the age of 15 Pound had determined upon two things: he would be a poet and that by the age of thirty he would know more about poetry than any living person. During his six years at University, in New York and in Pennsylvania, he devoted himself to reading everything written in English, Latin, Greek and the Romance languages. After University he became a lecturer at Wabash College, Indiana. It was here that he displayed in a somewhat dramatic manner his life-long contempt for public opinion and human respect. He gave up his bed to a destitute travelling actress. Although there was no question of immoral purposes on Pound's part he was sacked.

Joyfully as one liberated, he left for Venice, studied the art of the Renaissance, published his first volume of poetry, *A LUME SPENTO*, and in 1908 arrived in London with £3 in his pocket. He scratched a living as a polytechnic lecturer until in 1910 Yeats employed him as an amanuensis. Pound became a supporter of C. H. Douglas with whom he was a fellow contributor to Orage's *NEW AGE*. In 1921 he left London for Paris and in 1924 moved to Rapallo in Italy. There he remained until 1945 when he was arrested by the American army and imprisoned in a cage. The length of time of his imprisonment in these conditions is quoted variously as three weeks, six weeks and, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, as six months. He was then incarcerated in St. El'zabeth's mental hospital near Washington until 1958. Upon release he returned to Italy, breaking his journey for a few days in London. He returned to London for a short while in 1965 for the memorial service in Westminster Abbey for his life-long friend, T. S. Eliot. He died on November 1st, 1972, attended by his fellow poet, Social Crediter and expatriate, Peter Russell.

Il Miglior Fabbro

Thus did T. S. Eliot dedicate "The Waste Land" — the seminal work of Twentieth poetry — to Ezra Pound, The Greater Poet. Pound's long life was one of intense activity, astonishing productivity and high achievement in his chosen sphere of poetry. When Pound arrived in London in 1908 he declared himself a "Citizen of the World" and repudiated the idea that the state could order men to fight. He was

plainly what would have been termed a "Leftist" to-day. His impact on London literary society was immense and immediate, even the great Yeats consenting to be instructed by him and to revise his poetry under his direction. Pound launched the "Imagist" movement with a small group of other poets and, in co-operation with Wyndham Lewis, the movement's magazine *BLAST*. He was joined a few years later by T. S. Eliot and together they did what Wordsworth and Coleridge did at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. They swept away the debris of "poetic" language and "poetic" subjects:

"The girl in the tea shop
is not so beautiful as she was
the August has worn against her."

Eliot and Pound created a new sensibility, new rhythms and a new syntax. It is this latter which has remained the hallmark of the Modern in poetry. Aesthetic theory was a rejection of the "Art for art's sake" of the late Victorian decadence. The distinctions, however, are subtle. What Pound proposed was that a work of art was *autonomous*; it did not exist for anything else but itself. In creating it the artist was creating an objective universe with its own logic and its own syntax. A work of art does not exist either to entertain or to convey a message — social, political or moral. Art must, therefore, be objective, the creation of assimilated experience, not the outpouring of personal emotion. Further, because its function is neither to entertain nor to instruct the "masses" there is no reason why it should be easily accessible. "The public can go to hell," Pound declared. The artist is not required to dilute his creation for the sake of philistines and morons. This aesthetic dominated poetry until the death of Dylan Thomas. The re-emergence of Confessional poetry, ranging from Robert Lowell's "Life Studies" down to the regurgitation of unassimilated experience and sociological clap trap for the entertainment of the semi-literate in Liverpool pubs by the "Liverpool 8" poets [*sic*] marks the end of Modernism in poetry.

It is for this reason that Pound in particular, though Eliot shares the accolade, is marked down for hatred by Marxist critics. For the Marxist "Art" like everything else, exists merely as a social function, its task being to convey a socio-political message. Consequently, Communist "art" has remained fossilized in the Nineteenth Century. At the vast exhibition of modern art in the Brussels Exhibition of 1958 the soviet contribution consisted of garish paintings of wheat fields and young soldiers' returns. The

attendants found incomprehensible the barely concealed hilarity of the thronging crowds as they passed through the gallery. Approved soviet poetry follows the same pattern of rhetorical hyperbole; it has scarcely advanced upon the verse of Newbolt and his contemporaries.

Into the narrow and inward looking world of late Victorian verse, Pound brought a gale of eclecticism. His field was the history and the literature of every civilization. It was here that the greatest misunderstanding of his work arose. Critics insisted upon viewing his poetry as "translations" from Chinese, Greek, Latin, Romance and Anglo-Saxon, and then triumphantly produced "faults". Pound on the contrary did not "translate"; he wrote "Homages" to the poets of the past, what in music would be termed "Variations on a theme from . . ." In turn Pound pulled the legs of his scholarly critics unmercifully with such renditions as:—

"in fragrant delight" — IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO
"camp followers" — HORS DE COMBAT
"bum fiddle" — ARS MUSICA

But the best joke was that the scholarly critics seriously quoted these "mistranslations" as proof of Pound's ignorance of Latin!

The Cantos

The "Cantos" are Pound's major work. Begun in London, they were abandoned and taken up again in Italy in 1926. The work as a whole is unfinished, and equally many of the individual pieces are clearly sketches, Pound has left them as "drafts", some even contain what appear to me at least to be abbreviated references to be checked later. The intention was that the "Cantos" would be the epic of Western Civilization — its "Iliad", its "Aenead". Even Pound's greatest admirers admit that the work as it stands is a flawed masterpiece. There are passages of great beauty; the opening Canto particularly with its atmospheric re-telling of the voyage of Odysseus, sung in the metres of Anglo-Saxon poetry. There are also passages which plainly require polishing and re-polishing, but what defeats a full appreciation is the impossibility of deducing the scheme or pattern of the unfinished work. My own feeling is that the key to that pattern may be found in the Douglas aphorism "History is the crystalization of Policy". The Pound critic who neglects a receptive study of the *philosophy* of Social Credit risks leaving a large gap in his understanding of Pound.

The New Renaissance

By the beginning of 1914 Pound was convinced, or had convinced himself, that Europe was on the verge of a new renaissance of the arts and sciences. In music, in literature, in philosophy, in mathematics, in

art and in architecture — the first Lutyen's houses were being built — the ethos was "Make It New". London, Pound decided, would be the centre of this cultural rebirth.

The insanity of the 1914-18 war brought Pound to despair. He identified its true causes — usury and the trade war it had made inevitable, with killing war as the only course for desperate nations.

"WITH USURA

wool comes not to market
sheep bringeth no gain with usura
Usura is a murrain, usura
blunteth the needle in the maid's hand
and stoppeth the spinner's cunning

Usura slayeth the child in the womb
It stayeth the young man's courting
It hath brought palsey to bed, lyeth
between the young bride and her bridegroom

CONTRA NATURA"

CantoXLV.

In December 1918, Douglas published his paper "The Delusion of Super Production." Pound realized that Douglas has put his finger on the elusive fault in the monetary system, the presence of which accounted for the periodic earthquakes which had now reached an intensity which threatened civilization with destruction. Here in Social Credit was the *new* economics to complement the new art and new sensibility of a *new age*. Social Credit was the Modern economics of the Modern Movement — *Make It New*.

It might have been expected that under the impetus of this conversion Pound would yield to the temptation to use his poetry to convey the message. He did not. His advocacy of Social Credit was confined to letters and articles, from which it must be said it appears doubtful that he ever really mastered the technical aspects of the subject. His only venture into verse were half a dozen pieces for the "New Age" which, significantly, he wrote under the pseudonym of "Alfred Venison, the Poet of Titchfield Street".

In the immediate post-war years, as the full horror of the slaughter of 1914-18 dawned upon the public, Pound became increasingly bitter with what he regarded as the purblind stupidity of the British Ascendancy:

"walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
came home, home to a lie,
home to many deceits,
home to old lies and new infamy;
usury age-old and age-thick
and liars in public places."

He went to Paris, thence to Italy, where he fell under the spell of Mussolini. Possibly Pound was attracted by the fact that Mussolini was also a poet — his “Bruno, My Son”, written in the last months of his life, is a great lyrical masterpiece of prose-poetry. Possibly his lucid mastery of the mellifluous Italian tongue captivated Pound, but beyond all reason Pound convinced himself that “Il Duce” was the new Medici who would abolish usury, cleanse the monetary system and usher in the golden age of civilization. He even began to date his letters from “The Re-foundation of the City”.

Long before the war Pound became a weekly broadcaster on Rome Radio, discussing art and literature. When America entered the war he continued to broadcast. He ought not to have done so as an American subject, but to cease would have been to admit what he had always refuted — that the individual conscience is subject to such abstractions as “The State”. Pound’s war-time broadcasts from Rome were by no means of the same sort as Joyce’s broadcasts from Berlin. He continued for the most part to discuss art and literature and the wickedness of politicians. The texts are not generally available but fifteen years ago the underground paper IT (“International Times”) succeeded in laying hold of some which were published in spite of threats and difficulties put in the paper’s way by the authorities.

This extract is from a broadcast by Ezra Pound on June 13th, 1943:

“You do not yet officially know what the war is about. You have failed to listen to the voice of reason. I do not mean to my voice. I mean you have not for forty years listened to any Englishman who could tell you anything sensible . . . LIBERTY IS NOT A RIGHT BUT A DUTY. That idea may be exotic. I mean it may be alien to British bull-headedness, but so recently as 1931 there were still voices — no one ever called Mr. G. K. Chesterton an exotic — now in 1931, November 21st, 1931, in “G.K.’s Weekly” Mr. Chesterton wrote . . . [*There follows a lengthy quotation from Chesterton on the function of the press*]. Now what causes that? I mean why does the press exist for that particular purpose? It is a great pity more people aren’t isolated with a stock of old periodicals just to find out what did happen a decade ago. No one supposes Chesterton was writing Axis propaganda in 1931 and ’32 — ‘Big Business depends on big bankers. Big Bankers who govern England as a dependency from New York’ — The point is that Chesterton was writing in England, for England, ten or twelve years ago. He was not writing Axis propaganda. He may have been writing mankind’s propaganda, may have

been writing human propaganda, civil propaganda notwithstanding the all engulfing filth from Fleet Street . . .” Pound then went on to discuss Chesterton as a writer, as an artist. Both Eliot and Pound in the London of pre-1914 had marked Chesterton down as their *linguistic* enemy, the great obstacle to their attempt to “Purify the language of the tribe.” Pound re-iterated this view in his broadcast, going on, however, to concede that Chesterton had improved in his latter years and that if he had lived he would have become a great writer!

It is reasonably certain that Pound’s broadcasts were for the most part of this nature, a stream of opinion on philosophic and literary matters. However, when Italy was invaded Pound was engulfed with horror that the whole peninsula, the very vessel of civilization, would be devastated, and all to no purpose. In this he had greater insight than either the politicians or the generals. The Germans had to divert very little effort to fighting a long and bloody rearguard action along the length of the peninsula; the allies on the other hand diverted enormous resources of men and material and suffered heavy losses in a campaign of attrition which had stagnated in the Po valley when the war finally ended in May, 1945. As a result Italy suffered more devastation than any other country. It was in this frame of mind that Pound broadcast a desperate appeal to allied soldiers to refuse to fight in Italy. Again, he ought not to have done so, but he considered that his duty to millennia of civilization over-rode the niceties of “sides” in an ephemeral war.

The Uses of Democracy

The American Constitution guarantees “Freedom of opinion and of speech”. Ezra Pound surrendered voluntarily to an advance unit of the U.S. Army in April, 1945. He was detained at Genoa and then sent to Pisa where he was imprisoned in a wire cage, alone, and without protection from the weather and subject to regular beating up. The American Constitution forbids “Cruel and Unusual Punishments”. It was in these conditions that he wrote the “Pisan Cantos”, held by some to be the finest of the series:

“The suave eyes, quiet, not scornful,
rain also is of the process.
What you depart from is not the way
and olive tree blown white in the wind
washed in the Kiang and Han
what whiteness will you add to this whiteness,
what candour?”

The American Constitution guarantees that “No man shall be imprisoned without trial,” but Ezra Pound on the rostrum of the dock in open court was

something for the Washington Establishment to dread. Pound was, therefore, found "Unfit to plead" — hardly surprising considering the brutal treatment he had been subjected to. He was incarcerated in a windowless concrete room in St. Elizabeth's in the company of dangerous lunatics who had to be confined in straight jackets. Although the insane shrieks and screams of his ward mates constantly disturbed his sleep, it was in these conditions that the "insane" Pound translated Sophocles' "Women of Trachis". In 1949 the "Pisan Cantos" were awarded the Bollinger Prize for Poetry by the Library of Congress. Immediately, this prize had to be discontinued. Later it was re-inaugurated but with control and adjudication transferred to the "safe" Whig establishment of Yale University.

The Return Of Lear

After thirteen years of imprisonment without trial, Pound, aged seventy-three, was released in 1958. Interviewed by the B.B.C. he was lucid, laconic and contemptuous of his persecutors. He returned to Italy to the home of his daughter. Pound immediately caught his son-in-law's enthusiasm for ancient Egypt and set himself to learn middle Coptic so that he might embark upon the translation of Egyptian poetry. He also added to the "Cantos". Pound remained active until 1965, the year of Eliot's death. Now entering his eighties himself, the tremendous energy which had spanned the Twentieth Century and transformed both English literature and the English language began to subside. He perforce contented himself to declining years in the bosom of his family. He died on All Saints Day 1972, two days after his 87th birthday.

Anthony Cooney is a practising poet who has published several collections. His "Wheel of Fire" sequence has been described as a homage to Ezra Pound's "Cantos". He has made a study of Pound over many years, though he admits to preferring Eliot, and of Social Credit. He is editor of "Liverpool Newsletter", which stands in direct descent from Orage's "New Age". He also edits "The Old Police Station" poetry magazine and the "Lark Lane Poetry Books" series. He has written several papers on the philosophy of Social Credit.

Read "American Manifest Destiny and the Holocausts". Conrad Grieb's incomparably useful collation of documents on the secret history of our times. 388pp. paperback. £5 from Caidour Publishing Co.

DOWNBLUNDER

A jester in Australia —
Ironically, Victoria —
Without the bended-knee,
Made public that the English race
Were born in ultimate disgrace
And this in front of me!
Prerogative's licence
I stated "No offence".

Sorry Mum — Great Grandma too,
The 'bastard' tag is nothing new;
In national histories
Fitzes also served their liege
In love and war noblesse oblige.
But here in the Antipodes
It wears another hat
Not quite aristocrat!

In the bar where lager's served
The soubriquet is often heard
But not insultingly.
So it seemed the clown was right
To put upon a crown the bite
Albeit jokingly.
Again I'm in a stew;
Another Waterloo!

As for the lady and her like
Who took the insult — snatched the mike
Unhesitatingly —
A Yeoman-of-the-Guard-Female,
With such as she how can we fail
Restored empirically.
A race somewhat off-course;
A cart before the horse.

B. E. BIGGS.

CONQUEST BY OTHER MEANS

(Not published in The Daily Telegraph)

Sir — The decision of the Law Lords to allow doctors to prescribe the pill to young girls without the consent or even the knowledge of their parents is a deplorable one.

The implicat'on that the responsibilities of parents to their children in this day and age is a dwindling one is but *another* step on the road to a Communist Britain.

It is understandable that the U.S.S.R. should seek a mutual reduction of arms with the West when it can achieve its aims by other means.

FRANK BARTER.

DAMFOOLS, DEBTS AND 'SAINTS'

by LES BEWLEY

Strange how we never seem to connect the dam-fool things going on right here at home with the damfool things going on in foreign affairs.

We have recently seen how financial institutions such as the Canadian Commercial Bank are dumb enough to lend large sums of money to borrowers whose shaky assets are not nearly enough to cover those debts.

We have also seen that they are dumb enough, or rascally enough, to then lend even more money to those broke borrowers just so that they could pay the interest owing, in order to make bad loans appear to be good ones.

This put the borrowers even more hopelessly into debt, and the end result of all this financial insanity is that the rest of us, who had no part in these weird transactions, now have to pay for it all.

We don't seem to realize that the same dam-foolishness is working overtime in international affairs, and that we, not the players, will also end up paying for the eventual catastrophe.

We innocently assume that governments, big bankers, and international financiers and money-lenders aren't *that* stupid, even though they are also lending billions upon billions of dollars to shaky Third World countries that can't even begin to pay back their debts; and they are now lending even *more* money to these debtors, just so they can pay some of the interest owing, in order to make the bad loans look like good ones.

Hopelessly In Debt

How could these international financiers and moneylenders (who are really lending our accumulated money, not their own) be so incredibly stupid?

The answer is: they're not stupid. We are. They are about as stupid as that nice man who puts three walnut half-shells face down on a table and then, out of his kind, loving concern for your welfare, offers to give all of his money to you just for pointing out which shell you saw him putting the pea under.

No, these international financiers and money-lenders are not stupid at all. They long ago figured out that instead of having to send a gun-boat to collect on a bad debt, it was and is much more profitable to keep lending more and more billions to poor Third World borrowers — and even to more solvent Western countries — which then end up hopelessly or irretrievably in their debt.

They now also have a good armlock on all Western nations as well. If you object to this, they

calmly point out that repudiation of the debts will bring about the collapse of the Western world's banking system, and you, not they, will suffer. They all believe in One World, and their game plan is to run it their way, not yours, despite their prose that they are just doing you favours.

When the people of the Third World revolt against their poverty and seek enfranchisement, they are encouraged to believe that only a Marxist or socialist state can cure their ills. As most of Africa now shows, they end up with a one-party state, under which one citizen has one vote, just one time, with a national leader or emperor totally dependent upon those financiers — unaccountable to any electorate — to provide him with the money he requires for the guns and butter needed to keep his people obedient to the Glorious Revolution.

How could this have come about? Why, the nicest, most humane people brought it about, and keep the process going.

Half the academics, nine-tenths of the clergy, and about 100 per cent of the liberal intellectuals, do-gooders, bleeding hearts, and one-worlders uncritically bought Karl Marx's and the U.S.S.R.'s line that the Third World countries are poor only because the Western capitalist, imperialist world has exploited them and sucked the blood from their innocent babies cheeks. Therefore, all of us white Westerners should be ashamed of ourselves and feel guilty as hell, because we-are-our-brothers-keepers, everyone is as able as and equal to everyone else; none of their ills can be their own fault; No Man is an Island, The Bell Tolls for Thee, etcetera, etcetera.

The kindly, Christian do-gooders of the Western world, oblivious to the mass butchery, bankruptcy, and famine their assistance has wrought and unaware that they have been suckered into abetting the Marxists' and financiers' game-plan, have now been persuaded that apartheid is unChristian and that the noble black leaders of South Africa are prepared to introduce democratic government, under the rule of law, just as soon as we can ruin South Africa's economy.

What, other than mental illness created by induced guilt, could move sensible people to elevate an imprisoned Nelson Mandela to the status of a world hero or a world saint and an oppressed prisoner of conscience?

Mandela and his gang were arrested on a Transvaal farm where 210,000 hand grenades, 48,000 land mines, and 50 tons of explosives were stored.

They had plans showing police stations, black policemen's homes, power stations, and all means of communication as targets for their sabotage. Mandela pleaded guilty, swearing it was his intention to destroy "the capitalist state" by violent revolution.

Mandela is no Martin Luther King or an innocent prisoner of conscience. Amnesty International, well aware of his terrorist acts, refuses to recognize him as such.

The old Marxist technique is to radicalize people by urging them to commit criminal acts against the lawful organs of state, and thus turn their dead criminals into martyrs. Our churches, our liberals, and our media, by their innocence or something else, are ably abetting murder, chaos, and even deeper slavery in the Third World.

BETRAYAL OF A PEOPLE

by HARRY WALKUP, M.D.

The publication, *Palestine: Still a Dilemma*, by the late Frank C. Sakran, although published in 1976, represents one of the most truthful and informative documentations of the 20th century invasion and expansionism of a nation and its neighbouring countries that I have ever had the privilege of perusing. Perhaps Frank, himself, said it best in his description of the book:

Palestine: Still a Dilemma tells the story of the Zionist movement, the creation of the state of Israel in Arab Palestine, and the consequent expulsion of 80 per cent of the country's Moslem and Christian population. It discusses the Arab-Israeli wars and the involvement of American diplomacy, American dollars and American arms . . . Here is the other side of the Arab-Israeli conflict . . .

Frank Sakran examined the Zionist' religious and political claims — and refuted them all. He traced the Bible's statements on the Promised Land and demonstrated that the religious claim is untenable. The Balfour Declaration and the League of Nations mandate to Great Britain is carefully examined and he proved that neither document authorized the expulsion of the Palestinians from their homes and country or the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine. The reader is, however, reminded that, while a U.N. Resolution authorized the creation of both an Arab and a Jewish state in Palestine, it did NOT authorize the expulsion of the Arabs; rather, it stipulated the PROTECTION OF their rights and of their property.

The author goes on to outline a peace programme which, although denying the legitimacy of present-day

Israel, provides for the continued existence and security of Israel. Issue is quite correctly taken with the United States backing of Israel's stand in Palestine without recognizing the rights of the Palestinians in a country that was once their own.

The book's well documented history is of particular significance today, for, as Frank Sakran pointed out in 1976, 80 per cent of the Palestinian population had been driven from the country. Today, we are witnessing what is happening to the other 20 per cent through massacres in the so-called "refugee camps" in Lebanon. Deuteronomy 11:22-25, tells the story. The Bible states the case clearly, providing the reader realizes that the political Zionist's "god of humanism" is different from that of the Arabs and Christians.

Palestine: Still a Dilemma is essential for anyone who is seriously interested in the Middle East crisis and its possible repercussion on the future security of their own country. The book is available from THE AMERICAN COUNCIL ON THE MIDDLE EAST, Mechanicsville, Maryland 20659, for \$7.50 post paid. This book will fill an important place in your library!

SWEET AND SOUR

Clearly there will be no Spenserian-type pension from the second Elizabeth on account of this "Fairy Queen".* Unless, of course, our present monarch be as fed up with Petticoat Government as is — barring certain privileged imports — the rest of the British.

Unlike Spenser's epic, in Hopkins' poem 'interpretation' is quite unnecessary; and it has little or no adulation towards its target. Fairly plain, the message: Mr. Hopkins approves not of Mrs. T. Similarly, I cannot approve this author's dig at — perhaps — a long suffering and gentle Mr. T., who may well deserve our sympathy!

The poem scans beautifully. It also has a sour/sweet touch towards its victim, which is how many of us view our Prime Minister.

A neat tribute — for I am sure that the Iron Lady laps up such attention as 'compliment' — but for me the meaningless measure is contained in the last verse:

Placemen who dance with dainty-tripping tread —
While three hobgoblins hobble at her side
To reinforce her errors and misguide
Her feet.

* *The Fairy Queen* by Dewi Hopkins. 25p. including postage from Gild of St. George, 17 Hadassah Grove, Lark Lane, Liverpool L17 8XH.

B. E. BIGGS.

OUTLINE FOR SANITY

Apart from his genius as a poet and novelist, readers of *Candour* will remember Hilaire Belloc for the clear distinction he drew between servile and non-servile conditions of labour. Society's original state had been servile, but the Middle Ages had rectified this by instinctively creating that excellent consummation of society: the "distributive state". The distributive state was the condition in which the individual owned property — which, for Belloc, meant land — but this happy situation had been destroyed by capitalism. The alternative ways of reforming capitalist society were the return to the distributive organisation of small, land-based property owners or the collectivist solution of state ownership. The application of the mediaeval Christian ethic naturally implied the abolition of the vice of usury. As Belloc once said, "Things w'll not get right again in this respect until society becomes as simple as it used to be, and we shall have to go through a pretty bad time before we get back to that."

Under Belloc's inspiration, there developed the doctrine of distributism, and in 1926 the Distributist League was founded. The League was directed toward the restoration of property and against the "juggling of finance". It claimed a Christian sanction from Leo XIII's encyclical *Rerum Novarum* and the emphasis of League propaganda was directed at "the ordinary man" whose sacrosanct rights have gradually been eroded. In support of the League's campaigning, Belloc wrote *An Essay On The Restoration Of Property*, recently republished in attractive format by Nationalist Books* and including an interesting and appreciative appraisal of Belloc's views by Andrew Brons. The message is an incisive condemnation of capitalism's progressive erosion of the institution of private property, thereby concentrating wealth and ownership in the hands of fewer and fewer people. Belloc's proposals are detailed and relevant to today's problems. Although he has been dead over thirty years, his vision of a humane economic system lives on. Thankfully, there are those around who still seek to turn it into reality.

* **An Essay On The Restoration Of Property** by Hilaire Belloc, available from Nationalist Books, 50 Pawsons Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 2QF, price £2.85 including postage.

LICENCE IS GOLDEN

Stockton — not the spot 'on-Tees',
The lordly one who, on his knees,
Begs his Tory chums, beware
The theft of national 'silverware'.
Oh! Shut that door! Now safely run
The horse has gone, the rape begun;
From Iron, Steel to Rag and Bones,
The trick of confidence on 'Phones,
Oil and Gas — the very Air
They'd privatise were profit there.
Stockton such a 'lately-John'
Sheds tear of croc for salvation,
Stirs the heap of Tory cant —
The E.E.C. and immigrant —
Who privatised Brits' spirit when,
As if considered lesser men,
Let Ali Baba — anyone
Make haste and to a kingdom come.
One-Worlders tighten-up the net
As Arts, and Law, and Love pre-set
For Rot, Decline and Hate to thrive
That money-lenders shall survive.
We pray the Lord — no parliament —
To guide us from the decadent.
The enemy — there's always hope
That body shall use too much rope.

B. E. BIGGS.

SEARCHLIGHT'S TESTIMONIAL

"Suddenly, as Ms. de B. herself approaches her seventieth year, there is new vigour in the arthritic printing presses of Liss House down in Liss Forest," reports the latest issue of "Searchlight". Indeed there is, and what better way could there be to help our esteemed Editor celebrate her septuagenarian year than by every reader resolving to secure "Candour" an additional subscriber for 1986?

Don't leave the pleasures of enjoying "that Candour moment", as "Searchlight" put it, to "an ageing group of ex-military types, old buffers . . . and double-barrelled dowagers"! Help build "Candour's" new generation of readers!

"The practical problem before us is how to effect the beginnings, at least, of a restoration of property in this society of ours wherein property has been almost destroyed, its principles forgotten, and acquaintance with it lost in the determining majority of our fellow citizens" — Hilaire Belloc.